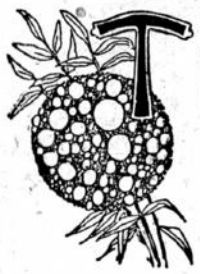


## SOME GREAT GIANTS

MEN AND WOMEN WHO WERE OF GIGANTIC STATURE.

The Greatest Was Eight Feet Six Inches High—Most of Them Not Strong and Died Young—Reliable Figures.



HE finding of gigantic skeletons, supposed to be human remains, buried deep in the earth, gives rise to the belief that there were at some period of the world's history giants and gigantes 100 feet high; but Sir Hans Sloane and Georges Cuvier effectually dispelled the notion, and demonstrated beyond all doubt that these bones were the mortal remains of mammoths and mastodons, and that the so-called "giants' teeth" had originally ornamented the mouths of colossal whales. The earnest seeker after truth must, therefore, considerably modify his notions as to the true height of the men who were giants in those days, and regretfully accept the latest opinion that there is no well authenticated case of any human being attaining to a greater height than 10 feet. The celebrated giants of the last three hundred years have in no case reached the 10-foot limit, the majority being only something over 7 feet.

Daniel, Oliver Cromwell's porter, is described as a man "of gigantic proportions," though his exact measurements are not given. The same authority informs us that he was "eminent for his sanctity, and for prophesying many memorable events, particularly the fire of London." Another giant who flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century, was Walter Parsons, who was gate-porter to two kings, James I. and Charles II. Parsons stood 7 feet 6 inches in his stockings, possessed remarkable muscular power, and was of a merry disposition. He loved practical jokes as a medium for the display of his great



CORNELIUS MAGRATH.



CATHERINE BOEBNER.

(A Swiss Giantess.) strength, a favorite pastime being the sudden snatching up of two of the most stalwart soldiers on guard at the palace. Carrying one under each arm he would run around the courtyard with his indignant burthens, who were perfectly powerless in that iron grip. Maximilian Christopher Muller was a native of Leipsic, and was exhibited at the Blue Posts, Charing Cross, in the year 1732. He was eight feet in height, well proportioned, and, unlike most modern giants, possessed of remarkable strength. Before his arrival in England he had made a tour of Europe, and had been presented to most of the leading potentates. He was a great favorite at the Court of Louis XIV. of France, who presented him with a silver mace and a richly jeweled scimitar. Muller's characteristic figure, with its abnormally large head, was immortalized by the pencil of Hogarth. Muller lived to a comparatively old age, dying in 1734, at the age of 60.

Cornelius Magrath, the celebrated Irish giant, was born in 1737, and at the age of sixteen measured six feet. He was an orphan brought up by the philosopher Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, who was suspected of dabbling in the black art, and a ridiculous story obtained credence that the great height of Magrath was the result of a course of experimental feeding, and the imbibing of magic potions. This strange tale had, doubtless, no better foundation in fact than that the good bishop opined that good living and tonics are the best means of building up the constitutions of overgrown youths. Be that as it may, Magrath steadily increased in length and strength, and at the age of nineteen measured 7 feet 8 inches.

Our illustration, from a print of the

period, represents him side by side with a German drum-major. The skeleton of "the great Irish giant" is preserved in the museum of Trinity college, Dublin.

Two other celebrated Irish giants, Charles and Patrick O'Brien, flourished in the eighteenth century.

Charles, whose surname was really Brynne, measured 8 feet 2 inches, and died in Cockspur street, Charing Cross, in 1783, aged twenty-two. His death was precipitated by excessive drinking, to which he was always addicted, but more particularly after the loss of all his property, saved from the profits of exhibiting himself, which he had simply vested in a bank note for £700. On going to bed one night O'Brien hid the precious note in the fireplace. A servant girl, unaware of the fact, lit the fire, and the note was destroyed.

O'Brien had a morbid dread lest after his death his body should be seized



TOLLER AND SIMON PAAP.

on by the surgical fraternity and dissected, so in his will he directs that his remains shall be thrown into the sea. A paper of the period gives a detailed account of his burial at sea, off the coast of Margate, but it was afterwards asserted in The Public Ledger that Dr. William Hunter had purchased the body of the celebrated giant, whose skeleton was subsequently added to the other wonders of the Hunterian Collection to be seen in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The other Irish giant, Patrick O'Brien, was born about 1760, at Kinsale. His real name was Cotter, and he measured 8 feet 7 inches, though the advertisement of the time gave his height as 9 feet, and claim for him a descent from King Brian Boru. Though much taller than Charles O'Brien (to whom he was in no way related), Patrick lacked the latter's strength and physique, though he lived to be more than twice as old as the smaller giant, dying at the age of forty-seven.

It is said that from Yorkshire and Lancashire come the tallest men and women as far as England is concerned.

William Bradley was a native of the former county, and was born in the East Riding in the year 1792, according to a description of him published, with an old print, which we reproduce. Bradley was a teetotaler, having never tasted wine, beer, or spirits. At the age of nineteen he measured 7 feet 8 inches, and was remarkable for the great size of his hands and feet. At the age of 11 he weighed 11 stone, while at nineteen he turned the scale at 27 stones. His shoe was 15 inches long and 5½ inches wide, and his stockings 3 feet 9 inches in length. Like so many other giants, Bradley died young, and was buried in his native town, Market Weighton.

James Toller, the Huntingdon giant whose portrait, together with that of Simon Paap, the dwarf, we present to our readers, was born in 1795, at St. Neats, Huntingdonshire. At the age of seventeen he measured 8 feet; and at his death, which took place in 1819, he had reached the great height of 8 feet 6 inches. His father and mother were of the ordinary altitude, but he had a sister who at the age of sixteen stood fully six feet. Simon Paap, the dwarf, measured only 28 inches, and at the age of twenty-six weighed only 27 lbs. His head was out of all proportion to his diminutive body, but he was very intelligent, speaking several



COLONEL CHANG. (The Chinese Giant.)

languages fluently. Both he and Toller drew all London when they were exhibited early in the present century.

Two foreign giants, Louis Franz, a Frenchman, and Joachim Elelecegi, a Spaniard, became for a period the lions of the day. Louis Franz, better known as "Monsieur Louis," was ex-

hibited in New Bond street, and stood 7 feet 6 inches in his stockings; while the Spaniard, who called himself "the Spanish Goliath," measured 7 feet 10 inches. He was appointed drum-major to one of the French regiments, and made a grand show with his baton of office, a heavily headed long cane, profusely ornamented and gilded, which he twirled and twisted in time to the martial music as the regiment marched through the streets of the gay city.

He came to London in 1846 and was exhibited in the Cosmorama Rooms, Regent street, with great eclat and prestige, "having been honored with munificent tokens of approbation from His Majesty Louis Philippe, King of the French, Her Majesty the Queen of Portugal, and Her Majesty the Queen of Spain. The great Spaniard was, however, eclipsed by the celebrated Norfolk giant, Robert Hales, a native of the little village of West Somerton, near Great Yarmouth. He was one of a family of giants, his father measuring 6 feet 6 inches and his mother 6 feet. He had five sisters considerably over 6 feet and four brothers nearly as tall as their father, but Robert overtopped them all, measuring nearly 8 feet, and possessing a strongly knit frame in perfect proportion. He measured 82 inches round the chest, and 21 inches round the calf of the leg. It took 7 yards of broad cloth to make him a suit of clothes. At the age of thirteen he entered the Royal Navy, and served on board H. M. S. Ranger, under Captain Wells, during a period of three years.

The enterprising Barnum took Hales to America in 1848, whence he returned and set up as mine host of the Craven Head tavern, Drury Lane. Here he dispensed stout and bitter to an admiring crowd, who gaped in wonder at his gigantic proportions, and examined with awe the massive gold watch and chain which the royal hands of Queen Victoria had bestowed upon him.

Hales failed, however, to make the Craven Head tavern pay, and returned once more to the show business. While making a tour in a caravan he



FRAULEIN MARIAN.

(As the Amazon Queen, in "Babil and Bijou," with her manager, Mr. William Holland.)



WILLIAM BRADLEY.

caught a severe cold, which, settling on the lungs, carried him off at the early age of 43.

A foreign giant, who held receptions in London, accompanied by a wonderful dwarf, General Tiny-Mite, was Col. Chang, of Pekin, who at the age of thirty-five measured eight feet six inches, and weighed 500 pounds, or over thirty-five stone, while his little partner measured only 19 inches, and weighed four pounds and three-quarters.

Chang was remarkably handsome, and presented an imposing appearance in his richly embroidered white satin garments. He was a man of culture and considerable refinement, speaking, beside his native tongue, Japanese, English, Spanish, German and French. In spite of his gigantic proportions, there was considerable grace about his movements, while a certain air of distinction added greatly to his almost regal presence. Like most giants of modern times, he died comparatively young, passing away at Bournemouth in 1893 at the age of 48.

A remarkable marriage took place in the summer of the year 1871, when Capt. Bates, "the Kentucky giant," espoused Miss Anna H. Swan, "the Nova Scotia giantess." Capt. Bates measured 8 feet, while his fair bride stood nearly 7 feet 11 inches in her satin shoes.

The gallant bridegroom had won his spurs in the American civil war, in which he had greatly distinguished himself, being wounded several times in various engagements. Both he and his bride had been exhibited in London in the years 1869 and 1870, and it was during this period that an affection sprang up between the two which culminated in the marriage.

Captain Bates was one of a family of giants, but Miss Swan's parents were, if anything, below the usual stature.

It was not likely that Barnum, the prince of showmen, would miss the chance of exhibiting a young lady who at 11 years of age measured 6 feet, and like another giantess of later times, was "still growing." Hence we find her astonishing all New York till the burning down of Barnum's establishment and the narrow escape of the fair Nova Scotian put an end for a time to Miss Swan's receptions.

Possessed of considerable attractions his some histrionic ability, we find Miss Swan, soon after the disastrous fire, drawing large audiences to a New York theater to witness her impersonation of Lady Macbeth, but she soon returned to the show business, and made a grand tour in America, subsequently visiting the principal cities of the old world.

Plare aux dames! We have hitherto, with two exceptions, made mention only of famous male giants, reserving to the last a little portrait gallery of three celebrated giantesses, whose biographical notices, having regard to the amount of space at disposal, must necessarily be brief.

Some years ago there was exhibited in Piccadilly a young Swiss lady named Catherine Boebner. At the age of 23 she measured 6 feet 5 inches, and came to England after a tour in Europe, during which she was presented at the courts of Russia and Germany, creating quite a sensation by her beauty, which was greatly enhanced by the picturesque costume in which she appeared.

### All Will Be Cooks.

The preliminary fashionable fad of the season is cooking. To be in the very height of the moment you must join a cooking class or form a cooking class, according to your success as a popular favorite. The rooms devoted to cooking at the Armour institute are filled with the debutantes who are to bow their prettiest to society during the coming month, and the debutantes who went through the ordeal last year. You begin at the beginning with washing dishes and you end the term a domestic jewel. Nothing is too complicated for your capacity, from bread making to the indigestible edibles that simmer under the cover of a chafing dish. When Owen Meredith wrote his verses in praise of cooks and dining, his prophetic vision must have rested upon the picture of the fashionable modern queen of the kitchen.

### Greed for Office

A Bucks county man spent nineteen years of his life trying to get the appointment of postmaster. Finally he worked his strings properly and was appointed. When he learned that he was counted only as a fourth-class postmaster he immediately resigned. He said he had worked long enough to be a first-class postmaster, and dined if he hadn't sense enough to know it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Saved by an Indian.

When Albert Miskew was being shot at by three robbers at his Chicago place of business he dodged behind an Indian standing on the sidewalk. The bandits filled the Indian full of bullets and ran away. The Indian was wooden.—Ex.

### FAMOUS KISSES.

The kiss, we are told, was a formula of good will among the ancient Romans and was adopted by the early Christians, whose "holy kiss" and "kiss of charity" carried the weight of apostolic sanction.

It is usual that the golden cross of the sandal on the pope's right foot should be kissed by newly created cardinals and by those to whom an audience is granted. Even royal persons paid this act of homage to the Vicar of Christ, Charles V being the last to do so.

Kisses admit of great variety of character, and there are eight diversities mentioned in the scriptures. It is as a sign of reverence and in order to set a sacred seal upon their vows that witnesses in a court of law, when they are called upon to speak "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," are required to touch the bible with their lips, as also are soldiers when they enlist and make the oath of allegiance to Queen Victoria.

Men in uncivilized regions kiss the feet of a superior or the ground in front of him, and in ancient times to press the lips to the knee or to the hem of a garment was to humbly implore protection. The Maoris have adopted the custom of kissing, but the negroes of West Africa refuse to do so, and apparently that which is a medium of so much pleasure to many nations fills them with dislike.

The pleasant old Christmas custom of a kiss under the mistletoe is a relic of Norse mythology. Baldur, the beautiful god of light, was slain by a spear whose shaft was a mistletoe twig. This was bewitched by Loki, the malevolent god of fire, until it swelled to the requisite size and was given by him to blind Hodur, who threw it and unintentionally struck Baldur when the gods were at play. Friga had made everything in heaven and earth swear not to harm Baldur, but had left out the mistletoe as being too slight and weak to be of harm. Baldur, however, was restored to life, and Friga guarded the mistletoe, which the gods determined should not again have power to do any mischief unless it touched the earth. For this reason it is always hung from the ceiling and the vigilant goddess propitiated by the kiss, a sign of good-will.



## The Old and The New Year.



BY FANNY CROSBY.

The grand Old Year is dying,  
His hour has come at last;  
His brilliant reign is ended,  
Its golden days are past.  
He shakes the wreath that, withered,  
Lies cold upon his brow;  
His breath is quick and labored,  
His eyes are closing now.

The grand old year is dying,  
He bids the world good night;  
A starry veil is lifted  
That parts him from our sight.  
A sigh of deepest feeling,  
A tear, and then a smile,  
For scenes of rarest pleasure  
Our lonely hearts beguile.

Behold, the New Year cometh!  
His face is young and fair;  
The merry bells are ringing,  
There's music everywhere.  
Oh, happy, happy greeting!  
Oh, happy, happy day  
That lights our path before us  
And laughs our cares away.

### MR. BENJAMIN DOTTEN



IT LITTLE POLLY went over to her grandmother's to see Aunt Viny, who had just come from Wisconsin.

"Your Aunt Viny's up-stairs unpacking," said grandma, "and it's cold there. Stay here till she comes down. Here are some peppermints for you."

Grandma handed Polly a little paper bag of peppermints. They were good and strong. Polly liked them.

Ten minutes later in came Polly's mother.

"Where's Viny?" she asked, and then she smelt peppermint. "Polly, Polly!" she said, "come right here. Was that bag full? You'll be sick if you eat another one. Give them to me!"

"Put them here," said grandma, pointing to an old china tea-caddy on the closet shelf. "That's where I drop notions."

Polly did as grandma said, for somehow she trusted the caddy more than her mother's pocket. Then her mother carried her off to find Aunt Viny, and after that they went home.

The caddy was a good place for notions. It already held some shoe buttons, a bad quarter and a recipe for mangoes; also a little pocketbook containing ten cents. That was Ben's. He hid it there when he was going chest-nutting, because the clasp was broken. Now Polly's peppermints went in, and presently grandma, who had been buying nutmegs, put them all into the caddy because Viny was talking, and it confused her.

"Now, mother," said Viny, "I've come home this winter to help you. I'm going to regulate the closet so we shall know where everything is."

"I know where everything is now," said the old lady.

But Viny was already clearing the shelves and putting on fresh papers. Then she set things back methodically.

"This old caddy of nutmegs," she said, "I'll put in the other closet where the eggs are."

"It's handy for notions," said grandma.

"Oh, well, this cracked sugar bowl will answer for notions. I'll set it where the caddy was, and drop this lump of alum in it."

So the sugar bowl took the place of the caddy, and when Ben looked for his pocketbook it was not there, so he thought he did not remember right. It was disappointing, for he wanted ten cents to buy a ball. Still, that did not matter, for next day it was skate- straps he wanted, and the next he had a chance to buy another boy's knife. But he couldn't find the pocketbook.

Perhaps Polly took cold the day she went where Aunt Viny was unpacking. She had a sore throat, and wore flannel

nel around her neck for two weeks. The next time she went to her grandmother's it was Christmas. There was roast goose for dinner and all kinds of pie. Ben was there. He had never found his ten cents. If he had, he would perhaps have bought a sugar dove for Polly.

While the folks sat around the fire talking, Polly, perched in a tall chair with nothing to do, had a sudden memory.

She got down, ran to the kitchen closet, and saw the sugar bowl. It had buttons and alum and a broken spoon in it, but Polly was not to be imposed upon.

"Caddy! caddy! caddy!" she cried, running up and down.

"It's the old tea-caddy that she wants," said grandma.

"That's in the other closet. We keep nutmegs in it," said Aunt Viny.

"Peppermints! mine peppermints!" clamored Polly.

The caddy was brought, and sure enough when she thrust her little hand under the nutmegs she found her peppermints and pulled out the recipe for mangoes.

"There, Mrs. Gray wanted that!" exclaimed grandma.

And now Ben was putting his own hand in. Yes, there it was! his pocketbook and his ten cents!

"Well, I declare!" said Aunt Viny. Ben sat down to consider. It was now too late for Christmas, but he might do something for New Year's. He had heard Aunt Viny talk about calls and cards.

Only the day before a boy who had a printing press had offered to print cards, twenty-five for ten cents, and every card was to have a picture of a flower or a bird upon it.

"I'll buy cards," thought Ben, and he went at once to find the boy.

On New Year's Day Ben, clean and shining, called Polly into the parlor.

"I'm making calls," he said. "This is your call. Choose the card you like best."

Polly was delighted. She picked out the prettiest card, with "Mr. Benjamin Dotten" and a pair of doves upon it.

Then Ben went forth from neighbor to neighbor impartially. He was very successful. He met with smiles everywhere, and in some places he met with apples and New Year's cakes. Every body seemed glad to receive a card with "Mr. Benjamin Dotten" upon it together with a picture.

When it came to the last he hesitated. He was tired and wanted to go home. It seemed to him he would rather see his good, kind grandmammas than anybody else in the world. The last card had roses upon it.

"I'll call on grandma," he said, and running home he made his best bow to the dear old lady, and handed her his card.

You never saw any one so pleased. For more than a week she showed the card of "Mr. Benjamin Dotten" to



HE MADE HIS BEST BOW TO THE DEAR OLD LADY.

every neighbor that came in, and when the excitement was entirely over, she put it away for safe-keeping in the tea-caddy.

MARY L. B. BRANCH.

### Too Many Wearing Decorations.

There has been a growing complaint in Paris that foreign decorations are worn by many persons who are not entitled to wear them, and the French minister of justice has taken steps to stop the practice. He has issued a strong edict against the illicit wearing of foreign orders and decorations. The chancellor of the Legion of Honor recently discovered that the number of persons exhibiting such insignia was in excess of the usual number of authorizations granted from his department, hence the ministerial circular.